

# CHRISTMAS AT KLONDIKE.

WHOLE WORLD KIN.

ALL JOIN HANDS IN WISHING  
EVERYONE A GOOD TIME.

NO ONE NEED GO HUNGRY.

Santa Claus Still a Living Reality  
to the Children, in Spite of the  
Efforts of Some to Shatter His  
Personality.

(Written for the Dispatch.)  
Bells ringing, music playing, dancing,  
singing, feasting, are the outward and  
visible signs of an inward happiness that  
belongs by right to Christmas. That part  
of the religion of the day every one un-  
derstands. It may be possible to find  
in the dark ignorance of the big cities of  
so-called Christian countries some who  
don't know that the rejoicing is supposed  
to be in celebration of the Saviour's na-  
tivity, but none could be so indifferent  
to the circumstances surrounding the birth-  
day of Christ as not to know that for a  
time at least, care should be banished.  
For one day the whole world may be  
kind. If any man, woman, or child goes  
hungry on the 25th of December, it is the  
fault of the hungry one, for ample pro-  
vision is made everywhere for the realiza-  
tion of the Scriptural promise to fill the  
hungry with good things.

Between religion and worldliness there  
has always been this dividing line at the  
Christmas season: Religion says let your  
joy be manifested in song of praise to the  
providence that made it possible for the  
Saviour's nativity to be celebrated; while  
the world (and with it, according to the  
sternly pious, goes the flesh and the  
devil), says, let rejoicing take a  
Bachchanalian form, let those who like it  
pray and sing psalms, give us a cold bot-  
tle and a large, fat, tender, hot bird, and  
we will show you how to make merry.

On one point, however, both religious  
and worldly-minded join hands and are  
thoroughly agreed—namely, that whatever  
shape the Christmas festivities take,  
no one must be left shivering in the cold  
who is desirous of coming in and sharing  
the gaiety. In pursuance of this univer-  
sal spirit of charity there will be the  
usual open doors and well-filled boards.  
At the open sesame of the spirit of Christ-  
mas time back will turn the  
bolts and bars of the convict's cell; out  
of the window will fly the gaunt ghost  
of poverty and hunger, to temporarily  
roost on the roof until, with the passing  
of the festive season, he is permitted to  
return again; away from hospital ward,  
poor-house hall, and tramp's lodging-  
house, will be driven the brooding shadow  
of care, and laughter will everywhere  
take the place of weeping. The meanest  
home will find some way of showing ap-  
preciation of the fact that Christ's birth  
gives every one a right to rejoice.

To none does Christmas bring more  
solid happiness than to the children. Does  
not the generous hand of Santa Claus  
scatter lavishly the most gorgeous pre-  
sents, bringing to children of rich and  
poor alike an abundance of toys? True,  
he goes by different names. In England  
Santa Claus is old Father Christmas, a  
benignant old gentleman with a white  
beard and a Christmas tree for a walk-  
ing-stick; in Germany he is kindly Christ-  
Kind; but call him by what name you  
will, he is as welcome as any feature of  
the Christmas festival. Some zealous  
people of the Church are desirous of  
shattering the Santa Claus dream of chil-  
dren and explaining that the old chap  
is a pleasant little fiction emanating from  
the loving desire of parents to make  
the little ones happy, but so far  
these efforts have not proven very suc-  
cessful. Santa Claus is a recollection of  
childhood that in after life one clings to  
as to memories of green fields and  
purling brooks, and no one is quite willing  
to let the arguments against the  
little fiction prevail. Least of all, are  
the children willing, so that Santa Claus  
will fly around with as much vigor as  
ever during the Christmas season of 1897.  
Look for him. He forgets no one.

TALE OF TWO WOMEN.

They Have the Same Name—Content  
for a House.

(New York Tribune, 14th.)

When the case of the two Sarah A.  
Knights—one of New York and the other  
of Havre de Grace, Md., in the contest  
for the ownership of the house No. 11  
West Twenty-eighth street—came up in  
the Supreme Court yesterday, E. H. Bud-  
long, counsel for the Maryland Mrs.  
Knight, withdrew her case, on the ground  
that she had been laboring under a mis-  
apprehension of the facts, and Justice  
Cohen, consenting this curious case ended.  
The case has been considered one of  
the most remarkable that have come be-  
fore the court for a long time. In 1888  
Mrs. Sarah A. Knight, a wealthy New  
York woman, purchased the house dis-  
puted for \$6,000. The title was made out  
to Sarah A. Knight, of Baltimore. There  
was a woman named Sarah A. Knight in  
Baltimore at the time. She has since  
moved to Havre de Grace, Md. Accord-  
ing to her story, a rich New  
York relative had promised her  
some day, she heard of the deed to  
Sarah A. Knight, of Baltimore, and de-  
cided that her ship of fortune had ar-  
rived. She searched Baltimore for an-  
other Sarah A. Knight, she alleged, but  
could find none, and this strengthened her  
belief that the property was hers. She  
was aware that the deed to Sarah A.  
Knight had been executed by Nathaniel  
Bailey, but who Mr. Bailey was the woman  
did not know. Subsequently she  
decided the property over to Thomas C.  
Enos, a friend, and then the New York  
Mrs. Knight heard of the transfer. She  
began an investigation, and, upon learn-  
ing the facts, sued to regain rightful pos-  
session of the property. The trial be-  
gan last Friday, and the testimony show-  
ed clearly that the New York Mrs. Knight  
was the real owner of the property.

Mr. Budlong arose at once when the  
court opened yesterday and said he wish-  
ed to withdraw the defense. "We were  
unable to get at the real facts in the case  
before trial," he said, "and we have been  
laboring under a misapprehension. I will  
not take up the time of the court with a  
useless defense."

"Then you abandon the case?" asked  
Justice Cohen.

"Yes," was the reply.

Ex-Assistant-District-Attorney Osborne,  
who appeared for the New York Mrs.  
Knight, asked permission to put Mr. Bud-  
long on the stand. "This woman of  
Havre de Grace has been used as an in-  
strument against the city and county of  
New York," said Mr. Osborne, "and we  
want to get all the facts we can for the  
basis of another action."

In answer to questions, Mr. Budlong  
said he had never seen the Havre de  
Grace Mrs. Knight before the execution  
of the deed to Enos. He admitted that  
Dr. Robert Johnson, of Washington, had  
done some work in the case, but denied  
that he (the witness) had employed him.  
Mr. Osborne insisted that Dr. Johnson  
had been the go-between in the case, and  
that he would be prosecuted criminally.

Justice Cohen gave judgment in favor  
of the plaintiff, and declared the deed to  
Enos null and void. He also directed that  
the defendant pay Mr. Osborne an extra  
allowance of \$2,000 costs.

An Old Virginia Cradle.

(Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

Mordcau Hardesty, the first white child  
born in Indianapolis, was reared through  
infancy in a cradle in the possession of  
Mrs. Brandt, wife of the Rev. J. L. Brandt,  
pastor of the Christian Tabernacle,  
of Valparaiso, Ind. The cradle is  
known to be 16 years old. It was brought  
from Virginia to Indiana at an early  
day. Altogether, forty sons of Indiana  
have been rocked in this same relic,  
which still serves as the cradle of the  
Rev. Mr. Brandt. The cradle was  
brought from the log, in three feet two  
inches long, and from end to end was  
as closely resembles ebony.



AN ACTUAL CHRISTMAS SCENE AT KLONDIKE, DRAWN UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MRS. PHILLIE ENGEL, THE FAMOUS WIFE OF THE  
MILLIONAIRE KLONDIKER. THE WRITER STANDS BESIDE HER DAUGHTER, OPPOSITE THE HALF-BREED CHILDREN. HER OWN STORY OF  
HOW CHRISTMAS IS SPENT AT KLONDIKE IS A FASCINATING ONE.

## IN THE KLONDIKE.

MRS. ENGEL RELATES HER TWO  
CHRISTMAS EXPERIENCES.

CHRISTMAS-TREE FOR HALF-BREDS.

Toys Found Their Way Unexpected-  
ly Into the Alaskan Region, and  
Were Bought for Any Price Asked.  
By Dog-Team to the Party.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

NEW YORK, December 18.—In the ten-  
der memories of Christmas that come to  
me, now that I am once more among  
the friends and relatives in the East  
whom I left to accompany my husband  
to the ice-bound regions of Alaska, there  
are none that I cherish more fondly than  
my two Christmases in the Klondike.  
The absence of those things that we have  
been accustomed to, but which we cannot  
have, makes us value more highly the  
possessions that are at hand. If an  
eastern woman, wife and mother, wishes  
to learn how to appreciate a little of the  
blessings of this life and to cease pining  
for those things which are beyond her  
reach, then let her make a trip to the  
Yukon and spend Christmas among the  
miners of that northern region. It will  
not be the same thing; quite, however,  
as the Christmas that I spent there with  
my husband and children, for since then  
the gold seekers have flocked to Alaska,  
to their sorrow, most of them, and new-  
comers have at least the advantage of  
association and numbers in making pro-  
vision for a merry time.

The first Christmas I spent in the  
Yukon District was three years ago. We  
lived in a log house at Fort Cadahy,  
fifty miles from what is now Dawson  
City, and besides myself there was only  
one white married woman there. It was  
a comfortable little community, happy  
and peaceful. The gold-fever hadn't be-  
come epidemic then. My husband invited  
two of his former bachelor friends to  
spend the day with us, and I made ex-  
tensive preparations for a feast that was  
to be a real Christmas treat. Turkey? Oh!  
dear, no. Turkeys don't wander  
around in the Klondike waiting to be shot  
for Christmas tables. Mince pie and  
plum pudding? Not in the Yukon. Our  
dinner consisted of a huge haunch of  
roasted bear meat, cut from the carcass  
of an animal that had been shot hun-  
dreds of miles away, and glad enough we  
were to get such royal fare. Bear  
meat is very much like roast pork and  
quite a dainty dish when properly pre-  
pared. We talked all day, with the  
wooden blocks heaped up on the blazing  
hearth, and the rough log walls of our  
house reflecting cheerily the light from  
the stoves that danced and sparkled  
around the chimney corner. Outside it  
was a very, very cold day. Christmas

weather in the Klondike is not very  
comforting. The wind howled around our  
log house and the snow fell steadily,  
piling around our sturdy little habita-  
tion a white covering that effectually  
kept any draughts from finding their  
way in between the interstices of the  
walls. We wanted none of that intrusion  
to chill the warmth of our little Christ-  
mas party, for the thermometer outside  
registered 50 degrees below zero, and that  
is cold weather. Inside we were as cozy  
and warm as any eastern home heated  
by modern appliances could be, and in  
our quiet way, many thousands of miles  
from what we called home, we all en-  
joyed ourselves and were happy. I am  
sure the men were grateful for some-  
thing like the interstices of the walls.  
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to chill the warmth of our little Christ-  
mas party, for the thermometer outside  
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The next Christmas day I passed in  
the Klondike—that is to say, last Christ-  
mas, was very different to the previous  
one, and approached somewhat nearer to  
the ideal Christmas of the East. We ac-  
tually got up a party at the post, and  
had a Christmas tree and games, and a  
real, old-fashioned time. No one who has  
seen us on this occasion could have de-  
nied that the Klondike region had ad-  
vanced to the height of civilization. It  
all came about through the efforts of the  
Rev. James Naylor, an Episcopal minis-  
ter, who had buried himself in the Klon-  
dike and devoted his life to work among  
the half-breeds there. He had gathered  
at the post a numerous contingent of lit-  
tle half-breed children who had been  
Christianized and civilized and made per-  
manent attaches of the station. Having  
taught them the meaning of Christmas,  
Mr. Naylor decided to show them that  
it was a time to be glad and not sorry,  
by giving a party in which Santa Claus  
was to make his initial bow to a mixed  
audience of whites and half-breeds, and  
go through his customary performance  
of distributing toys and other gifts. But  
where should we get toys in that region,  
where every one was only too thankful  
to procure sufficient to eat and wood  
enough to cook it when procured. We  
secured our toys by a great stroke of  
luck, but before telling you about that,  
I want to mention that our three little  
children had not been deprived of their  
presents from old Santa. We couldn't  
give them much, but enough to make  
them happy. So the three little stockings  
were hung up on the rough log mantel  
the night before Christmas and Santa  
Claus didn't overlook our little wood-  
built house. When the children awoke  
in the morning they had an abundant  
supply of presents and candy, procured  
in the same way that Mr. Naylor got  
his presents for the little half-breeds' party.

The good angel was a man named Wil-  
son, who had recently arrived in the  
Klondike. Whatever put it into the  
dear man's head to stock his packs full  
of children's toys and candy I can't  
think, but he was a real blessing to us,  
and it paid him well. Every white mother  
in Alaska was willing to pay  
its weight in gold for any pitiful looking  
little toy that bore the trade mark of  
a city store. Mr. Wilson sold his toys  
and candy at his own prices, and as Santa  
Claus managed to keep his contract with  
the little folk in the Klondike for one  
Christmas at least.

Well, Christmas day, 1896, came around

at last and we got ready to drive over  
to the mission where the great party  
was to be given. Thermometer at its  
Klondike lowest, and fronts bites for  
any nose that showed itself above the  
fur. We had about three quarters of a  
mile to drive from our log house to the  
mission, part of this distance being over  
a river bridged by solid ice thick enough  
to bear the weight of a locomotive and a  
train of cars.

My husband hitched up our team, con-  
sisting of half a dozen sturdy sleigh  
dogs, and I climbed in with the three  
children enveloped in furs to their eye-  
brows. We made the trip to the mission  
buried beneath a pile of furs, with the  
dogs trotting along at their best pace,  
down the valley, across the frozen river  
to the door where hospitable Mr. Naylor  
awaited us. Inside all was merriment  
and laughter. The members of the little  
half-breed colony, about a score of chil-  
dren, were in such a state of gleeful  
expectation that they were ready to  
stand on their heads with joy at every  
fresh arrival. I had fixed the children up  
so as to make their dresses look pretty,  
but they had to paddle around all the  
evening in their fur boots. The half-breed  
children had all gotten up in their Sun-  
day best, and the scene was a most de-  
lightful one. But that wonderful Christ-  
mas tree! Nothing like it had ever been  
seen in the Klondike before. Mr. Wilson,  
the toy angel, had done nobly. There  
were real dolls, sissy attired and with  
the genuine eyes and noses, instead of  
featureless children had been used to  
satisfy themselves. There were horses  
that bring joy to the juvenile heart. The  
boys were packed in bags made from  
mosquito netting, that having been the  
only material available. Then Santa  
Claus came down and distributed the  
toys. The little half-breeds were making  
Santa's acquaintance for the first time,  
and though he had gone before—was  
the oldest girl was inclined to be critical.  
Santa was gotten up for Yukon weather.  
A huge furry "parka," with the hood  
turned up around the face, was Santa's  
royal robe, and in lieu of a genuine  
mantle he had powdered his own  
eldest girl was inclined to be critical.  
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After that we went in for a series of  
old-fashioned games. Blind man's buff  
proved the favorite, the half dozen adults  
in the room threw themselves into  
the spirit of the occasion, and I, for  
one, confess that I en-  
joyed it as much as the children.  
The mission house, like our own home,  
was built of rough, untrimmed logs, but  
some attempt had been made to deco-  
rate the interior, and there being plenty  
of light and warmth and the cheerfulness  
of children's merriment, it needed no  
very strong stretch of imagination to  
forget about the frozen earth outside, and  
fancy that we were celebrating Christ-  
mas around the warm fireside of our old  
home in the East. Refreshments were  
provided for the children, and the party  
broke up at midnight, every one de-

claring that it had been a thoroughly  
jolly Christmas. Our three children fell  
asleep under the rugs on the way home,  
but they all held on tightly to their  
presents. Real toys were too scarce in  
the Klondike. The notion that there is  
necessarily much carousing in that region  
is entirely erroneous. Every one was  
quiet and well behaved, rowdiness being  
a thing unknown during my sojourn in  
the Yukon. But, oh! the satisfaction of  
being in the East for Christmas time  
once more.

PHILLIE ENGEL.

Christmas Times in Bill.  
(F. L. S. in Atlanta Constitution.)  
No matter what they say—  
No times that's ever goin' ter come like  
them that's gone away.  
An' so, that takes me back ag'in ter val-  
ley, plain, an' hill.  
An' all the frosty fields we knowed, an'  
Christmas times in Bill!

Thar warn't a single county—an' thar wuz  
lots, you know—  
Could show 'em 'taters, or a fully  
cotton row.  
An' as fer juicy Mountain Dew—it flowed  
an' thar warn't no purtier women than  
the gals we sparked in Bill!

Thar ain't no times like o' times, boys!  
I min' one Christmas night.  
When the court-house door wuz sanded,  
an' the fiddles goin' right.  
How we whirled our rosy partners in the  
liveliest kind o' way,  
An' kissed 'em in the corners, an' danced  
inter the day!

An' how thar come six weddin's from that  
Christmas dance, an' how  
(I tell you, I kin feel it whar my heart's  
a-beatin' now)  
I didn't mind the slippy snow that laid  
as white as foam.  
With my arms aroun' the widdler on the  
high road, goin' home!

An' how she said she never—never—never  
could forget.  
The husban' what had gone before—wuz  
mournin' fer him yit!  
But when I tol' her that I'd keep that  
grave o' his right green,  
She leaped ag'in my buzzum—havin' no-  
whar's else ter lean.

Thar ain't no times like o' times, boys,  
no matter what they say!  
Thar ain't no Christmas times like them  
an' the fiddles goin' right.  
But Christmas takes me back ag'in ter  
valley, plain, an' hill—  
Fer the dancin' an' the widdler that Christ-  
mas night in Bill!

It Should Be the Case.  
(Pittsburg Chronicle.)

"You are familiar with the prepara-  
tion of wage scales, are you not?" asked  
the General Caller of the Snake Editor.  
"Well, what if I am?" replied the lat-  
ter, warily, as not to commit himself.  
"I merely wished to ask if the prepara-  
tion of such scales is not done by a com-  
mittee of weights and measures."

His Cheerful View.  
(Chicago Journal.)

"And yet," observed the optimistic  
tragedian, "there are certain advantages  
in playing one-night stands."  
"Yes!"  
"Yes; you don't see what the news-  
papers say about you in the morning."

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111 East Main Street.

We have a large stock of Strictly First-Class Goods which  
we will sell at very Low Prices. As we do not propose to carry  
over any goods you will save money by dealing with us. It  
pays to buy PURE GOODS. If you do not want your supplies now,  
leave your orders and we will deliver them at any time you say.  
What do you think of these Candy prices:

Chocolate Cream Drops, two pounds for.....25c.	Murett's Bonbon Chocolates, per pound.....75c.
Assorted Caramels, two pounds for.....25c.	Our own make, plain mixed, 10c., three pounds for.....25c.
Cream Almonds, per pound.....15c.	New Mixed Nuts, 15c., or two pounds for.....25c.
French Mixed, two pounds for.....15c.	Christmas Tree Ornaments, Large stock, prettier than ever. Must be seen to appreciate. Cor. nueopias—all sizes.
Hand-Made Cream Mixed, some-thing nice, five pounds for.....\$1.	

We have a large quantity of Fruit Cakes made specially for Xmas, all sizes. Made of select fruits.

Also, other varieties of Cakes—Almond, Angel, Citron, Pound, Wine, Jelly, and Sponge Cakes. Small Cakes in great variety.

Ice-Cream in all flavors and shapes.

Special designs for Christmas Dinners.

Candy Boxes in great variety.

Fireworks! Fireworks! Firecrackers, 12 packs for 25c. Roman Candles, 6 balls, 10c. per dozen.

(de 12, 19, 21 & 24)

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BROAD, NEAR FIRST.

J. E. QUARLES.

The largest and cheapest  
assortment in the city.

(de 5-508)

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

We have everything made in gold  
and silver for Christmas gifts, and we sim-  
ply ask the public to inspect our line and  
satisfy themselves as to the quality and  
prices.

D. BUCHANAN & SON,  
Jewellers,  
111 East Broad Street.

(de 15 W. 34 & W)

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You can get no better or more  
durable roof than one covered with  
our V Crimped or Corrugated Steel  
Roofing. Most fires originate in the  
roof. Use our Steel Roofing and  
save 90 per cent. of the risk. We  
have it all lengths. Sheets to suit  
your buildings.

GIVE US A CALL.

BALDWIN & BROWN,

Headquarters for the Wilson Heaters (the best made), V  
Crimp and Corrugated Roofing, Conductors, Gutters, Extras,  
&c., Hardware, Carriage and Wagon Material, Paint, Lead,  
Oils, Varnish, Glass, Putty, &c.

1557 EAST MAIN STREET (Opposite Old Market),  
WAREHOUSE TRUCK, No. 12, C. & O.

RICHMOND, VA.

(no 28-Sa, Tu & W)

## BOOK AND JOB WORK

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THE DISPATCH JOB OFFICE